

THE WORLD'S PAGE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

REX

Y ou must have woken up before the chickens," said Joe, as he sauntered out of his back door to greet his friend and neighbor, Bob Joyce.

Bob began pulling something out of his pocket.

"Say," he remarked, "I got something to show you. You remember my uncle Jim, don't you? Well, he's coming to visit us next week and bringing a fine dog for me."

"That's all," exclaimed Joe. "Won't that be dandy. What kind of a dog is it?"

"Don't know exactly," said Bob, puckering his brow as he unfolded the letter he had taken from his pocket. "I'll read you what he says."

"Dear Bob: I guess you will be glad to see your old uncle next week, especially as I am bringing you a present. You need not hunt and tramp alone any more after I arrive, for my present will go with you. His name is Rex. He sure and fix up a nice berth for him."

"He must be a bird-dog," said Joe, enviously. "But what do you suppose your uncle meant by a 'nice berth'?"

"A dog kennel, of course," replied his friend. "This Rex is probably a very fine dog and cost a heap of money like as not, and it wouldn't do to turn him loose to shift for himself. He's used to a first-class kennel and special dog biscuits and everything like that."

"Say," Joe offered, "I'll help you build him a berth. I know just how to go about it and I know all about bird-dogs. You'd better let me stick around and give you advice. These high-class dogs aren't tough like the hounds around here."

Bob was only too glad to consent to this arrangement. In fact, he had come around to Joe's so early on purpose to get advice.

Together the boys drew a plan for Rex's kennel. It was to be roomy and comfortable, with a peaked roof and air-holes shaped like four-leaf clovers. It was to be no ramshackle or ordinary kennel. They bought new lumber for it, smooth tongue and grooved boards and two by three inch foundation planks.

The site of the new house was chosen with great care. Joe thought that a place where some of the morning sun would strike, but which was shielded from the afternoon glare would be about right. Such a spot was found near the barn under a fine elm tree. Then the boys set to work with hammer and saw and nails.

On the day the kennel was finished and the boys were planning to go down to the store and buy some paint, Bob's mother invited Joe to stay for dinner.

"You boys seem so busy and happy out in the back yard," she remarked dishing up huge helpings of chicken and dumplings. "What are you making?"

"A place for Rex to sleep," said Bob.

His mother looked surprised.

"Why, that is sweet of you," she exclaimed, "but he may not be used to sleeping out-of-doors and I'm going to put up a cot for him in your room."

"That's fine!" said Bob.

"I swapped my broken water pistol with Bessie for a chain," said Joe. "Of course, you might not need to use it, but he might get home sick or something and try to run off, you see."

"Dear, dear!" exclaimed Bob's mother.



Uncertain Thumpings And Banging Came From The Kennel

mother. "I hope not."

"They do some times," said Joe.

"But I don't think it would be nice to chain him," said Bob's mother.

"Still," said Bob, "if you've got the chain, Joe, we might as well fasten it to the house."

Bob's mother looked anxiously at the two boys.

"I hope you're going to be nice and kind to Rex," she said.

"Of course, we are!" replied Bob.

Indignantly.

The kennel was painted a warm, cozy brown with a green roof, and really it looked very inviting, in spite of the chain which was fastened to the entrance.

On the great day when Uncle Jim and Rex were due to arrive, Bob and Joe were both on hand at the station. "He'll probably be on the baggage car," said Joe.

Imagine their feeling when Uncle Jim stepped off the train and began walking towards the street without once turning in the direction of the baggage car. With him was a small, tow-headed boy with a sharp, knowing look, and a mischievous way of smiling on one cheek and not on the other.

"Here, you!" said Uncle Jim in the rough manner he liked to put on. "You young rascals trot along together. I've got some business to attend to before I go to the house."

"It's about Rex!" thought both Joe and Bob, hopefully.

The Junior Cook

HOME-MADE COTTAGE CHEESE

Two quarts of sour milk are put into a saucepan and set over a very slow fire.

Let stand till the milk curdles, but do not boil.

Pour through a fine wire strainer.

Run cold water over the curd that is left in the strainer, and drain well.

Put cheese into a bowl.

With a spoon, break up the lumps of cheese into fine bits.

Season a bit with salt and put in a cool place.

This may be served with cream and sugar or may be used for sandwiches.

but stood looking at the kennel as if lost in admiration.

"Why, there's your uncle now!" said Joe, suddenly.

Sure enough! Uncle Jim was coming briskly up the walk to the front porch. The boys ran to meet him. There was no sign of a dog about him, but they led him up to the porch and drew up the biggest and most comfortable chair for him. Bob's mother came out of the house and greeted him too. All at once he sat up very straight and shouted:

"Where's Rex?"

Joe and Bob looked all around them. There wasn't any dog in sight, but they heard barking in the back yard. They raced in the direction of the sounds and found that they came from the new kennel. As they drew near to it, the barking changed into awful caterwauling, and there were queer thumping and banging and straining noises all coming from the kennel.

Bob was brave enough to venture within three feet of the entrance and stooping down, he peered into the kennel. Just as he did so the face of the new boy stuck itself out of the entrance. He was laughing. "Ah, ah, ha, ha, ho, ho, ho!" as if he would never stop.

"You fool!" cried Bob, indignantly. "Get out of that kennel. Uncle Jim is here and we believe he has brought Rex."

"You believe right!" sneered the new boy.

"Well, what's the joke then?" demanded Joe.

"Get out of my dog's kennel!" shouted Bob.

"You said it was built for Rex," said the new boy, struggling out.

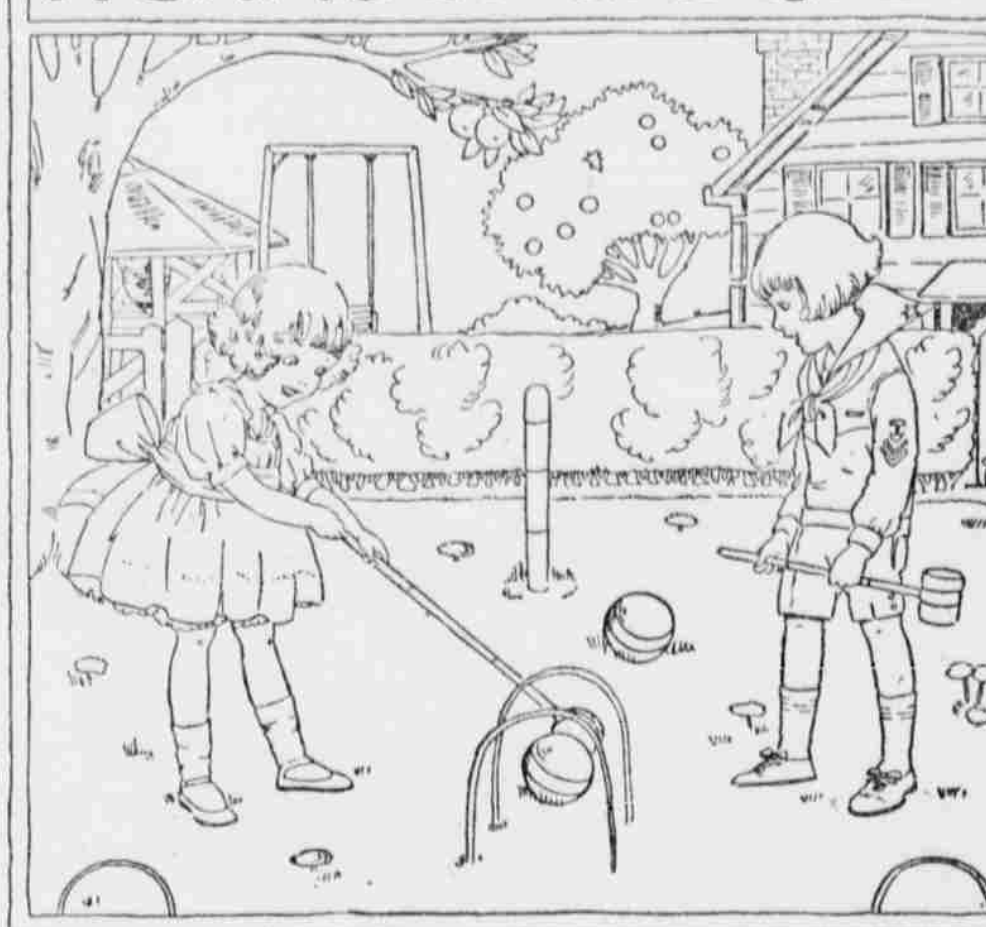
"So it was, snapped Bob, crossly, "and it isn't any insane asylum neither."

"Of course not," agreed Joe. "It's for Rex."

"Well, you see," said the new boy, "when—this is right—but I really must break it to you fellows. You see, I am Rex!"

Never mind! The joke was on the boys, but they soon got used to Rex and his ways and they got a home-grown dog of a size to fit their kennel, so everybody was satisfied.

A GAME OF CROQUET



(To be colored with paints or crayons. Whenever you come to a word spelled in CAPITAL letters use that color.)

Y ou'll first," said Teddy. So

Sadie May took a good aim with her RED, BLUE and YELLOW

croquet mallet sending her big BLUE, RED and YELLOW ball flying

through one of the YELLOW wickets.

"Another turn!" cried Teddy, excitedly holding his own RED, GREEN and PURPLE mallet tightly in his

two hands. His big PURPLE, GREEN and RED ball by the starting stake.

"There," Sadie said, "now it's your turn, Teddy, you at the big YELLOW, RED, BLUE and PURPLE stake, don't you then follow my ball over the GREEN grass?"

"That's the way," Teddy agreed and swung his mallet "it almost

struck one of the bright YELLOW dandelions that were sprinkled like little stars all over the lawn.

"Mamma, let me wear this new ORCHID color frock. ORCHID is PURPLE, isn't it?"

"Not exactly," Teddy replied wisely. "It is a light PURPLE with a little

bit of ROSE in it."

"ROSE is RED, isn't it?" asked Sadie.

"Yes, roses are RED and so are—"

"Are the apples on the trees over there and above us?"

"Ha, ha! and our chimney and the swing chair are RED, too!"

"And the picture on the YELLOW Japanese lantern in your BROWN summer house is RED, too."

"And my necktie, pocket, stars and emblem on my BLUE suit," Teddy put in.

"Oh, so much RED, isn't there?" Sadie said.

"Yep; your cheeks are PINK and so are mine," said Teddy, explaining: "PINK is a light shade of RED."

"Have you noticed the old GRAY BROWN (use BLACK very thin and

and BROWN) apple tree trunk?" asked Sadie. "Sometimes he really

seems to smile at us."

"I'm sure he does," said Teddy. "I should think he'd get awfully tired

standing there by the GREEN gate

with nobody to talk to but the GREEN box hedge with BROWN

roots."

"Oh, he can talk to the BLUE sky and his GREEN leaves can whisper

over to the other BROWN tree and, of course, it's GREEN leaves answer," Sadie explained.

"Perhaps he talks to the YELLOW chipboard house, too, and thinks its GREEN shutters are leaves and its BROWN roof and GRAY rain pipe

are roots!"

"Oh, my!" said Sadie, "what do you think he thinks of my YELLOW hair and your BROWN hair and our YEL-

LOW shoes?"

"Oh, he just thinks they are like the YELLOW ropes on our swing or the GREEN frame. You see, he never

learned better."

"Well, he smiles, anyway," said Sadie, "and I like him."

The border can be painted RED and the lettering BLUE.

The Boy Whose Conscience Hurt Him

Dr. Samuel Johnson—Born September 18, 1759

A BOY sat near the fireplace bent almost double over a book. His father stood at the window looking at the wet streets and heavily falling rain and then turned and addressed his son. Three times he called him by name, but the boy was so deeply buried in his book that he did not answer.

"Samuel!" shouted the father for the fourth time.

Young Sam Johnson jumped as though someone had hit him.

"Did anyone call me?" he asked.

"It is raining, lad," said his father, and the market stalls should be open in a short time. The cold in my chest is heavy and I am afraid to venture forth. Will you go to the market place and take charge of the book stall this day?"

A frown gathered on the boy's face. "But can't you see I am reading, father?" he expostulated. "Wait a little and I will go."

The boy bent again over his book and was soon lost in its page. Time passed, but he knew it not. His father waited in silence. Several times he called the boy by name, but Sam was dead to the world. At last the old man put on his great coat and his muffler, pulled his hat down over his head and ventured forth through the storm to the market where he earned a living for his family by selling books in a little stall.

Many years passed. Old Mr. Johnson had died. Young Sam had become the famous Dr. Johnson, whose works of literature and whose bright words were attracting great attention. One day the loungers in the market place were surprised to see a carriage drive through the pouring rain and stop before an empty stall. A large, heavy man alighted and crossed the stone floor to the stall. There he stood, with uncovered head, while the rain beat down upon him. The little boys who were in the place pointed

to the stall.

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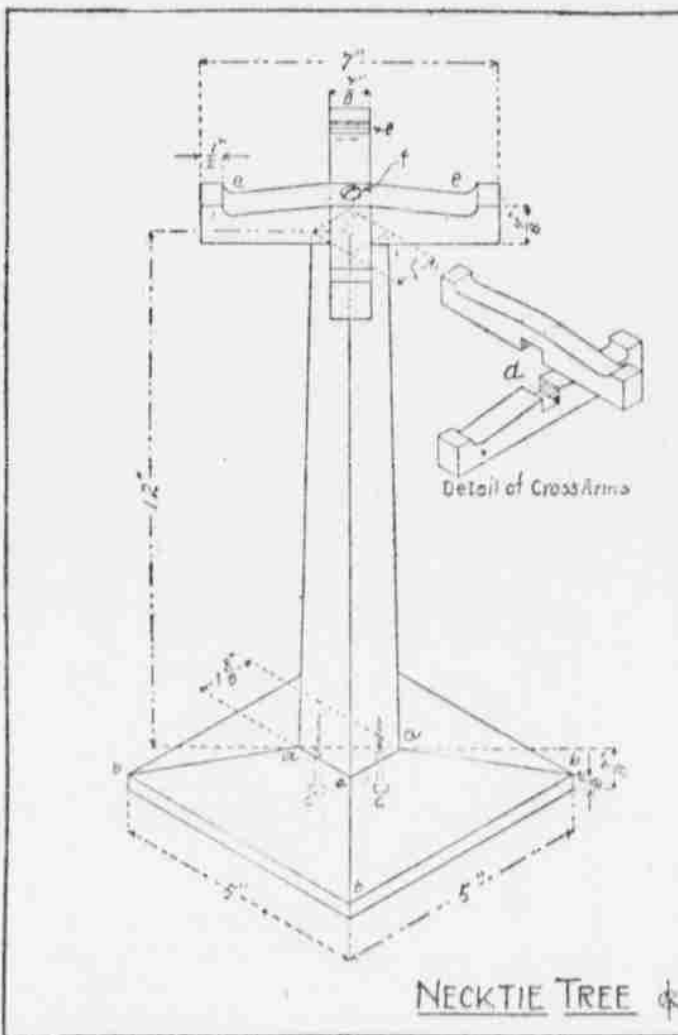
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The HANDY BOY AT HOME

BY CHARLES A. KING.

STATE NORMAL SCHOOL, PLYMOUTH, N.H.



NECKTIE TREE

their fingers to their heads for they thought this strange man was weak in his mind. The olders grouped about looked at him pityingly, but there was one who recognized the man and the whistler went about that strange visitor to the market was none other than the great Dr. Johnson.

It is indeed Samuel Johnson. He was famous for his wit and his words, and his bright words were attracting great attention. One day the loungers in the market place were surprised to see a carriage drive through the pouring rain and stop before an empty stall. A large, heavy man alighted and crossed the stone floor to the stall. There he stood, with uncovered head, while the rain beat down upon him. The little boys who were in the place pointed

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pride and appeared his conscience by standing for a half an hour beside his father's old stall.

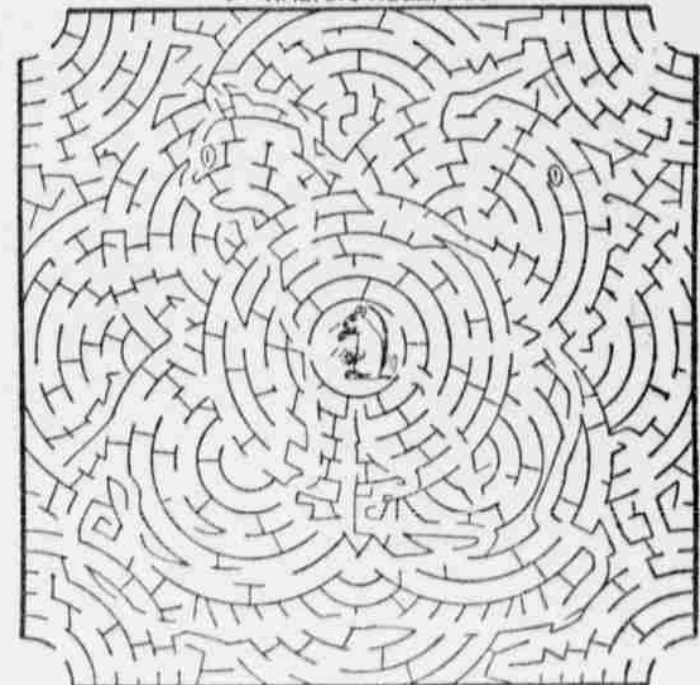
A great man was Samuel Johnson. Odd in his ways, yet kind and gentle to those who knew him best. At times he was so poor that he had to stay in bed to keep warm, and then he would slip his arms through two holes in the blanket and balancing a pad upon his knees he would write some of the things which have since become famous.

If you would know more of the life of this strange character some day you must read his biography as written by his close friends and admirer, Boswell.

PUZZLE CORNER

MR. RATT'S PLIGHT

BY WALTER WELLMAN



Mr. Ratt is caught in the maze trap. Can he get away? Three paths lead out of the trap. Two only lead a short distance. One leads him along a path which is dangerous. Trace this path, and you will see why it is dangerous. Use a soft or colored lead pencil to trace the path.

ANSWERS

DIAMOND

H

R-E-D

H-E-R-O-N

D-O-G

N

FOUND IN "CHRYSANTHEMUM"

1. Cautious.

2. An animal.

3. Two of the months.

4. A special friend.

5. A joyous song.

6. A useful shrub.

7. Two girls' names.

8. A box.

FOUND IN CHRYSANTHEMUM—

1. Chry. 2. Emu. 3. March-May.

4. Chum. 5. Anthem. 6. Sumac.

7. Emma-Mary. 8. Chest.

MR. RATT'S PLIGHT—The path directly in front of him leads him about the maze and then back into the trap. However, his path outlines a CAT.

The JUNGLE-HOUSE

OUR house is like a jungle

That you read of in a book.

From cellar up to garret there's

A beast in every nook.

I'd like to tell you briefly

(And it's nothing but the truth)

Why everywhere you go you see

A gleaming claw or tooth.

My daddy's a collector

Of antiques, and my, he's got

The strangest things you ever saw

From every earthly spot!

Now when the house you enter

You will see around the hall

A pack of dogs so fierce you'll think

Of running first of all.

But there are only china

And it's safe for you to go

Into the parlor, where you'll find

The main part of the show.

Like any other circus,

They